

Runnin'

Cal Scruby

V1

Got dreams of selling out the Fillmore, #1 on Billboard
Count 100 thousand on the bed and there's still more
Tell myself I gotta get my mind right and chill more
But the bills say I gotta kill more, so line em up
I'm drinking straight from the bottle, I couldn't find a cup
I watch the second-hand tick until the time is up
The time is now, I ride around with cameras on
A nice night, the lights bright, the candles long
The wick burning, I sip bourbon, the whip turning
They tried flipping the script, they only flip burgers
They don't concern us, to each his own
I'm reaching high, they reaching out, they always leaching on
This here the sermon, yeah I'm preaching on
They yelling "amen," and I'm just wishing I could save them
Driving down the road, I'm the rose in the pavement
House in the hills but a house ain't a home if it's vacant
It's vacant, it's vacant

HOOK

I know you wanna get away, I know you wanna get away
But tell me what are you running from? Tell me what are you waiting for?
Don't you know that it's coming? Don't you know that it's coming?

V2

I go so deep in my mind, I don't know when I'll surface
Take a breath, headfirst into something uncertain
Searching for gold; threw this away like I knew this was old
The temperature perfect, the verses are cold
Imagine that, came back with something that's brand new
If you don't stand up, how they gon' understand you?
Cuz they all brainwashed, this music the shampoo
I'm head and shoulders above em, I can't lose
Man to be the one chosen is something you can't choose
You gotta play the hand that you're dealt
You gotta start counting your blessings instead of your wealth
And if you tryna make a change you better start with yourself
And stop running, stop running

HOOK

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>